

sphinx *of* black

quartz, judge

my

VOW

JWN





Vow”

“Sphinx of Black Quartz, Judge My

by

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Do not mistake lack of talent for genius

Star Machine

A star machine

made of

star stuff

keeping your

eyes wide open

going through

your days

harvesting

star light

in recycled

paper bags

taking names

granting wishes

of

money

sex

and fame

like a child

pretending

playing dress up

with imaginary friends

hats and wigs

fur coats

and

princess dresses

the star machine

made of star stuff

running on

fumes

and broken dreams

the heart

tucked away

behind

thick walls

of sleep

and then the

sadness

can you feel it?

pulling like

a magnet

the star machine

made of star stuff

selling it all

back to you

love is cheap

and

lust is

nearly free

Earth Colors

An earthbound

moonchild

a cup of decaf

and

then another

never ceased to

be herself

walked through

so many

doorways

colors

and

personalities

brown

green

and

a rusty shade

of red

2 more

cups

of decaf

put the
hair up
in a bun

bare feet
on the
wooden floor

talking to
your
brother
on the phone

the laughter

the empty

eyes

saying you

don't need

an intervention

saying you

can just

wish it all

away

earthbound

moonchild

with your

suicide notes

second and

third drafts

bucket lists

attempts at poetry

three

things

you need

for the garden

and three

more

you think

you need to

go on

love

books on music

and

naked rooms

painted

in

earth colors

earthbound

rooms

that asks

no questions

when filled

with

your

emptiness

Affectionately Dissing Anton Newcombe on his 55th Birthday

Five words

you have

spoken

Anton

you

liar

snitch

thief

presumed

former

piss Christ

bedwetter

you

poet

artist

painter

of the

spheres

over all

beautiful persona

Anton

from

Newport Beach

being

all that

in your

roller skates

with

your fake fur hat

fancy

heroin

addiction

and

vintage sun glasses

on display

Anton

happy

birthday

Anton

with

that

big mouth

thanking God

for mental illness

writing

checks your

ass can't

cover

Anton

twinkle-twinkle

retro star

how we

wonder

who you are

the last man

on earth

much love

Anton

happy birthday

and by

the way

you

fight like a

little girl

Could Be Written on a Subway Wall

You dove

head first

crashing back down

into despair

then

the curtain fell

but now

you rise

now you rise

and you are

everywhere

Nos Animadverto Totus

A divine
angel slut

almost
god like
in appearance

the serenity
of her
voice

tickling
their cold
dead brains

as we
sat there
watching

we must
have looked
like a
painting

sharp
angles

and

a cold
monochrome
palette

passing judgements

seeing

everything

as it were

as it

should

be

while

the music

just

played on

Phantoms are Real

Tell me
how your
vanity
is justified

tell me
what you
owe to the
spinning world

tell me
what it
owes you

tell me
your phantoms
are real

tell me
how you
no longer
can feel

tell me
how this
is all
you are

tell me
how you
know the
truth

tell me
how the
truth
is in
no word
form

tell me
how nobody's
got a mind

tell me
how the mind
has
everybody

tell me
how I
live inside

looking out

then

tell me how you
live
outside

looking in

tell me

how

your

phantoms are

real

tell me

how the

mirror lies

tell me

how

no phoenix

will rise
from these
ashes

tell me

cause

I really
wanna
know

tell me
how you're
being
cursed by
two natures

tell me

how I

should

just let

your fade

on out

tell me

how your

vanity is

justified

tell me

how your

phantoms

are real

tell me

so I

can go on

to

learn

and

share

this with

others

Black Lungs

The speed
of darkness
visible
now

from the
desert
of someone
else's
confusion

and not

too far away

a mountain

of faces

towering

staring

and blinking

at you

radiating

with

secrecy

and

self confidence

beneath

there's a

forest

trees

with

branches

made of

hands

gesturing

the long

pointy

fingers

signaling

and a

river of

voices

runs

right

through

it

a

constant

white

noise

of screams

shifting into

whispers

and

then

back again

in an

endless

loop

now and

then you

can make

out a

word

laughter

or even

parts of a

phrase

and if

you listen

long enough

you'll

recognize

your

name

then

there's

the air

thick and

humid

like a

Miami

afternoon

in October

it feels

like

something's

taken hold

like

something is

about to

choke you

like

something

is

breathing soot

into

the lungs

frightening

yet

familiar

and you'll

remember

how you
chose this
for yourself

the mountain

the forest

the river

the black lungs

you have
chosen this
for
yourself

from the desert

of your

confusion

you have

in fact

chosen it

this is

all you

it's

all your

own

making

Alcatraz Island Conspiracy Theory

You know
The Rock
is not
what it
seems to be

the island
not
the actor

in fact

Alcatraz is
not a rock
at all

Alcatraz Island

just off
the coast
of California

is a living
breathing
organism

so
slow moving

that it
appears
to be a

static atoll

to the

naked eye

but beneath

the surface

its facade

the false front

lurks intentions

it has

mind of its own

just waiting

shifting

slowly

moving

around

in fact it

has turned

137 degrees

clockwise

since

the 1950s

a man

in a long

black

coat and

his minions

have tried

to kill it

with radiation

for years

but this

only made

it grow

bigger in size

over time

expanding

in all

directions

and by 2152

either out

of greed

hunger

or

radiation

sickness

it will

reach the

mainland

and start

devouring

it

all of it

so keep this

in mind

Alcatraz Island

is not just

a rock

Fall Becomes Summer

A wow
of silence

an open
page
in a book

going

backwards

through

my days

as fall becomes

summer

and summer

winds

back into

spring again

no signals

no beacons

of light

there to

guide

me

I'm casting

the runes

to see what

the past

can hold

like a

flower

becoming

a seed

all over

again

Nothing

I didn't
ask for
this

I didn't
ask for
any of it

nobody owes
you a miracle

and I didn't

ask for
anything

a little
envious
of the
ones who
were never
born

tbh

expect nothing
and you'll
get nothing

Dead Girl

Never

so young

but this

is it

it seems

this is

how

it ended

dead girl

I didn't

know you

though

I just saw

the picture

didn't look

for it

didn't really

wanna see

you

like this

but

the blessed

peace of

eternal

slumber

awaits

just let

your

perished heart

guide you

there

dead girl

let it

guide you
like a
lantern
in the dark

never
knew
your name

dead girl

perhaps
there is
more

for you

I wish
there was

I could
wish
it for all
of us

but I
specially
wish there
was more
for you

an afterlife

a continuation

a

subterranean

garden

or an island

with

birds

flowers

and

waterfalls

maybe

a circle

of friends

there to
greet you

then after
a while

when ready

and if
you wanted to

you
could
come back
again

like

someone

else

someone new

you could

go

back again

back to the

trials

of the

living

from the

sleep

of the

dead

One is One is One

The mark of
some beast

tattooed on
your face

X'd out

X'd in

thinking the
tears you shed
yesterday will
become tomorrow's
rain

X'd out again

the heat

the disconnect

the
fire that
doesn't burn

we are one

existence

do not

exist

one is one is one

you said it

you own it

you coward

you

murder poet

wannabe

stopping time

dead in its

tracks

headless crosses

velvet boots

and the altar

of the Druids

you made it

you own it

facing

a

mini god in

a potato field

her dark red

hair

the German

accent

the army of one

the gospel of none

the rhyme

of the baby

ghost

pitchforks

and

Japanese

umbrellas

twin beasts

screaming

at the

clouds

with open eyes

the altars

of the Druids

by the
seven circles

by the
dotted line

one is one is one

a stone
in the
chimney

dead
birds
under your
bed

you had
the altars
of the Druids

long before
the cross
came along

still as one

because
one is one

none is none

one is
one is one

and
the altars
of the Druids

will be
there long
after the cross
is
gone

A Non-Entity

I first
watched
you from
a distance

I liked
you from
a distance

after we
started
talking

you

seemed

so

delusional

thinking

you had

one foot

in some

made

up spirit

world

a world

were you

mattered

were you

played

a

part

had

importance

and

even

prominence

I played

along

with that
mystic shit

you
said you
had beliefs

while time
was running
out for
everyone

you didn't

believe

in Jesus

but you

did believe

in love

sometimes

a circling

failure

it seemed

in a

rapidly decaying

orbit

like

myself

perhaps

a life

left behind

with two

small

children

no bluebird

of

happiness

no

seven

purple

moons

shining down

a tragedy

of perfection

maybe

a death curse

an empty coffin

and a neat

little world

of lies

and make

believe

crumbling

all around

you

End

It's mine

the end

dead as

I am

dead again

my eyes

clouded

and

unseeing

dead

yet

armored

with

confidence

dead again

a snake

that has

consumed

itself

dead again

dead to

your world

the world

that stopped

turning

there's

an end

and here

I am

dead again

dead

at

last

In Loco Parentis

We all
grow
from the
dark and
bloody ground

and here
we are

rancid dreams

mundane fears

and

chromosomes

broken

lives unfolding

opening up

while twilight

fades to

starlight

opening up

like

anemones

in brine

Breath Play

Just hold

your

breath

you

know

the test is time

time only

and not

much else

beliefs

and

distractions

gather

like

eyes

pyramids

suns

and snakes

bleeding trees

and orgies

of none

choose a

mask

that can kiss

away

your fears

one that

makes

you wired

like some

Stepford

psycho

now breathe in

and

breathe out

it's a hollow

triumph

every time

you make

it to the

bottom

of another

day

breathe in

drown your

share

of sorrows

to old now

to be raising

hell

and breaking

hearts

let go

let be

and

breathe out

Little Miss Conception

Helena

I don't

get her

I really

don't

she hates

herself yet

she wants

to be

beautiful

says she

can't sleep

until she's

world famous

what do you

want for breakfast, Helena?

a Dr Pepper

and

a

cyanide pill

*dramatic exit

Working Title: Prune Juice and Serpent Worship

Do you know

loneliness

despair

and longing?

do you

like

cemeteries?

can you

tell a

cemetery

from a
graveyard?

can you
recall a
story so real

it must

be told with

a whip?

I counted to
138 and got out
of bed a little
while ago

there was

a rain

storm outside

had a dream

about

being in

some cult

or

coven

we danced

naked

around

a huge

wooden serpent

a bunch

of us

torches

and

tribal drums

thundering

as we

sang

his infernal name

Samael Lilith

do you think

Jesus should

come back?

do you think

Jesus should

come back

and give

us his life again?

you could

give him a

Prune Snapple

and tell him

it didn't

work out

the first time

was there

even a first

time?

tell him not

to bother

instead he

should

travel

with his

prune juice

in hand

have adventures

see the world

and what's

left of it

explore

Instagram

or

give all

our earthly

STDs

biblical

names

perhaps

just to

make a mark

tell him he

should

go rumble the graveyards

like

a

snake

tell him

to rumble

the graveyards

from

Hollywood

Forever

all the

way to the

Unknown

Soldier

and when

he returns

we will

form a coven

or a cult

and

sing his

infernal name

Friends in Low Places

So you
found the
heart
of the
river

but

then

again

so did I

no biggie

I remember

it well

having

been

older than

I am

now

back then

of course

time

spinning

backwards

like a

black

circle

you needed

a friend

after you

found

the heart

of the

river

just a

friend

we all do

at certain

times

so I became one

a friend

your friend

it's nice

to have

someone

out there

pulling strings

for you

singing

you songs

with no

names

a friend

someone

to keep

you

safe and

sound

like

Sharon Tate

when the

machines

starts calling

again

a friend

who can

hand you

the gun

with one bullet

the one

bullet

to end

it

all

Vision Stains/Demerol

Pethidine

clouding

one's

judgement

a comfy

velvet fog

that sets in

Demerol

the

healing hands

of time

that

can not

touch you

in the end

everything

you've

gone through

will just

disappear

it will

matter

to

no one

an eerie

smile

and two

idle hands

rolling

my eyes

behind

the shades

seeing spots

black

and grey

the fact

that I

no longer

exist

is actually

fine

with me

black

and

grey

just an

echo

of what

once was

being

somebody

doesn't

really make

you

anybody

anyway

but I

like leaving

an

echo

of me

behind

a trail

just like

the light

that

outlives

a

star

how

it

travels

on

for a

while

after the

source

has

died

